SKETCHES OF LOWLY LIFE IN A GREAT CITY

BY

MICHAEL ANGELO WOOLF

BLISS.

Boy (on lamp-post, to sister): "Oh, Emma! If you could on'y come up here; the tune he 's playin' smells just like a beer-saloon."

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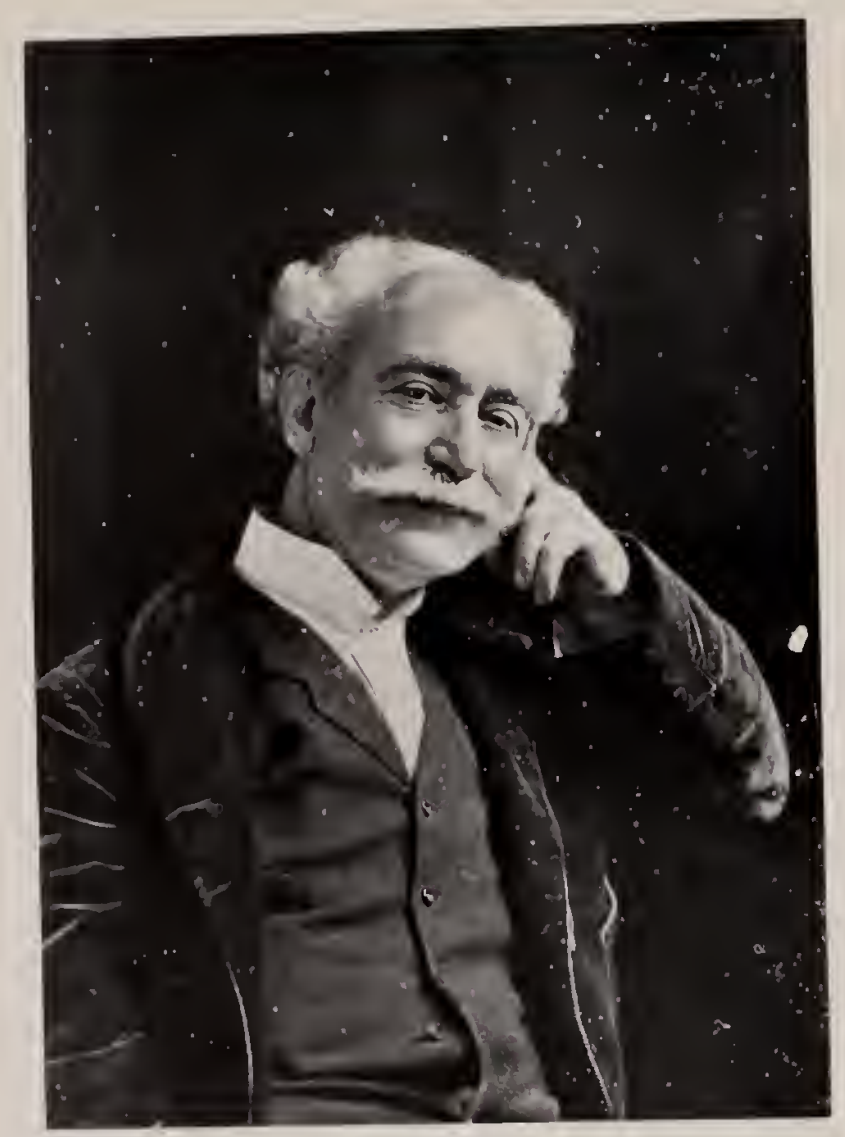

Yours faithfully.

W. Angelo Miller

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BY

M. A. WOOLF

EDITED BY

JOSEPH HENIUS

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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BY
JOSEPH HENIUS

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To

ELIZA WOOLF HENIUS

INTRODUCTION

In presenting this volume, I have endeavored to honor the memory of a good man and a dear friend. In the tenderness, sincerity, and simplicity of his work are to be found the elements which were most conspicuous in the personality of the late M. A. Woolf, together with unostentatious charity and a humor, unique in contemporary art, which, while always manly and honest, possessed the power to move as well to tears as to laughter.

The following selections were made from among the most characteristic of Mr. Woolf's contributions to *Life* and *Judge*, and a number of hitherto unpublished drawings.

To all who by kindly suggestion and personal effort have assisted me in this compilation, I extend the assurance of my deep thanks and appreciation.

JOSEPH HENIUS.

BROOKLYN, October, 1899.

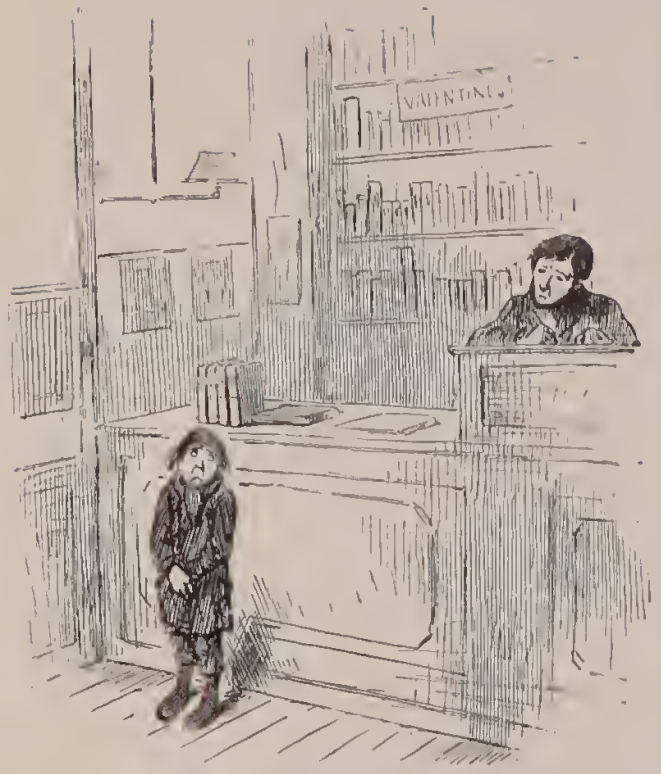
BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Michael Angelo Woolf was born in London, England, August 27, 1837. His father was Edward Woolf, a musician of eminence, and a man of versatile talent in both art and literature. Michael Woolf was brought to America in his infancy; his talent manifested itself early, and he contributed as a young man to many prominent periodicals. For a number of years he turned aside from draughtsmanship to pursue an actor's career, and two charming autobiographical reminiscences of this period of his life appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, of Philadelphia, shortly after his death. At the close of the Civil War, Mr. Woolf resumed his original profession, but turning his attention more to painting, was hampered by the remissness of his early training, and sought regular art instruction, for the first time in his life, at the hands of Edouard Frère in France. Upon his return to America he exhibited a much admired painting, "How It Happened," at the National Academy of Design. In his later years he turned his endeavors almost entirely to the delineation of child life among the poorer classes; and his drawings, with their peculiar combination of humor and pathos, have become widely known here and abroad.

Mr. Woolf died suddenly of heart disease at the home of his sister in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 4, 1899.

HARD HIT.

Miranda (oh, so deeply in love): "I can't stand this suspense no longer! Ask her if all marriages is failures."



HARD HIT.

"I say, mister, have yer got a penny walentine what rhymes ter Maggie?"

LOVE IS A FEARFUL THING.

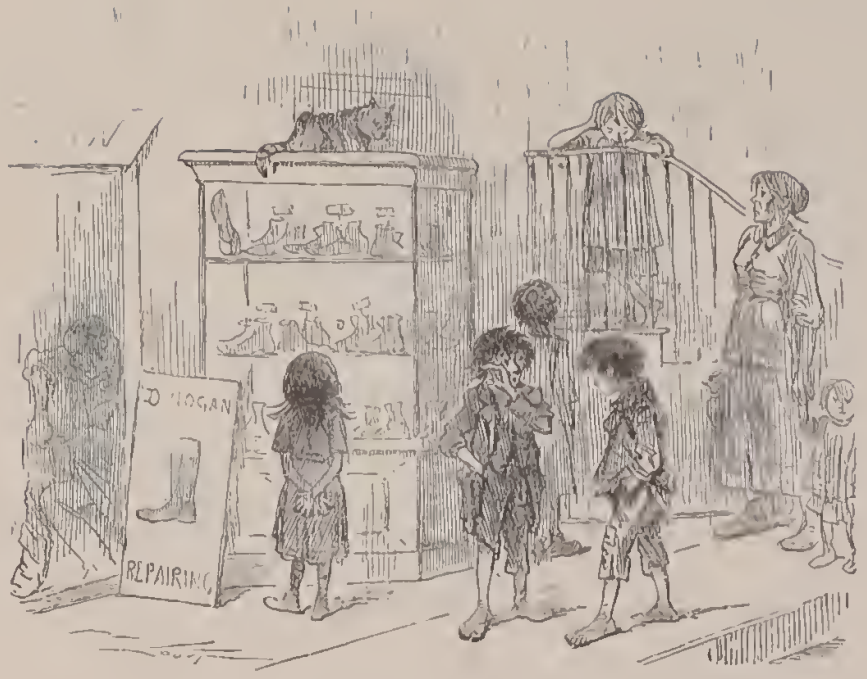
"If you please, sir: none uv us ain't able ter sleeo uv a night, an' we want ter know if yer ain't got suthin what 'll cure us, an' we can't tell what 's de matter wid us"

The innocent cause, who is paying a visit to friends in the village.

A POINT IN ETIQUETTE.

"Kin I give him flowers if I 've not been interdooced ter him?"

"No, it ain't good form even ter reckernize a man wot yer don't even know. The best way is ter get ackwainted with the Dutch grocer where he buys his 'taters an' herrinks, an' let the interduction come through him."



A TERROR.

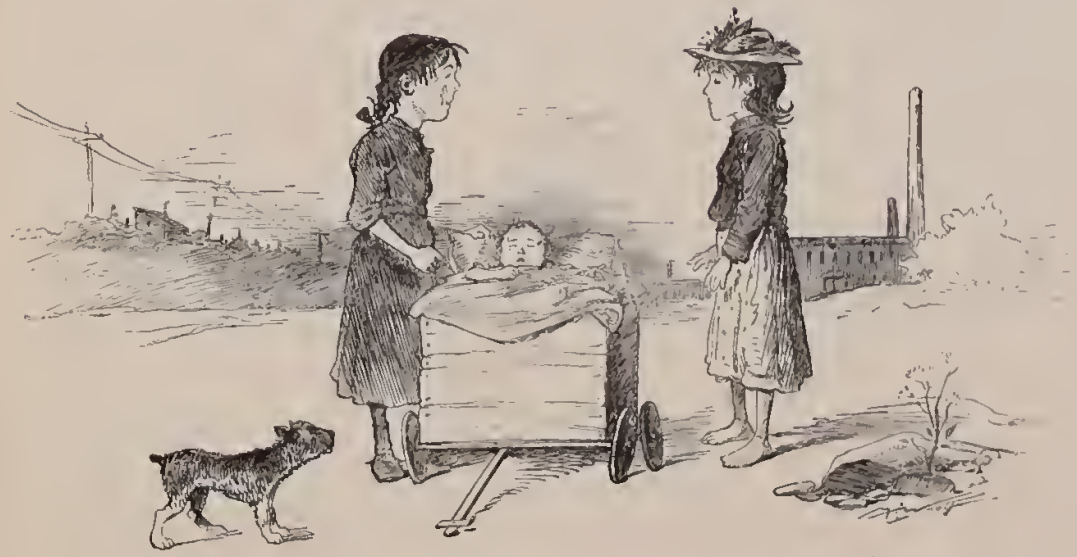
"Jim, giv' us a interduction."

"No, Tom, no. Yer don't know her, an' yer don' want ter. She 's de ice-cream fiend of de ward; she 's beggared two newsboys an' a Italian bootblack, an' she 's a looking roun' for another wictim."

GALLANT.

Girl.—"Don't be frightened. He won't bite you."

Boy.—"I ain't askeered o' the dog. I 'm a envyin' him, that 's all."



EXCEPTIONAL VALUE.

Nurse (in continuation, speaking of her brother in the wagon).—"Yes, an' he ain't got no wices at all; he don't smoke, drink, or chew terbacker, an' he don't want no latch-key."

Friend (on right).—"Lor', what a husbant he 'd make."

"What is it, Lizzie, a boy or a gal?"

"A gal."

"Dear, dear me! There 's some one else who 's got to worry about gettin' a husband."

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

"Clara, it 's the likes o' them w'ot makes so many of us young bodies ole maids. The fellers gets askeered o' the milliners' an' the dressmakers' bills."

THE ONE THING LACKING.

Patsy: "W'ot do de gals admire uv dose milingtary chaps, I wonder?"

Jimmy: "It 's deir mustarchers, Patsy, deir mustarchers. If I had one dat bloke would n't be in it wid me."

HARD HIT.

Marriageable Young Man (on left): "What a wife such a woman would make."

Lillian: "'Ain't that your brother?"

Maud: "Yes!"

Lillian: "Why don't yer interdooce me?"

Maud: "He 's a misant'rope; he 's been crost in love, and he 's giv' our sex the cold shake!"

"Good morning, Adolph de Belfort. How comes it you are not at church this fine Thanksgiving morn. Have you nothing to be thankful for?"

"For nothing as much as being able to count myself one of your most ardent admirers, believe me!"

A SURE WINNER.

Mentor (behind rock): "Hand her de bokay, Jimmy, an' den t'row yerself at her feet an' tell her yer life is mizzerable, an' dat yer 'll chuck yerself in de ocean if she don't have yer; an' don't forgit de sooicide rackit. Dat fetches de wimmin every time."

C'EST L'AMOUR.

"Mary, there is warious kinds o' love. There is that love wot never wants nothin' but love; then there 's a love wot 's simply lovely, it 's so pure an' good. Such a love is like the stars wot shines in the infirmary in circumambulance space, an' this is the hour for love, the sunset hour. Do you remember Gray's 'Elegy' begins with the line 'Wot Curtius told to Nell at parting day'?"

"Look at me, Lizzie; the gal wot gets me 'll have a snap, for I don't chew, smoke, or git drunk!"

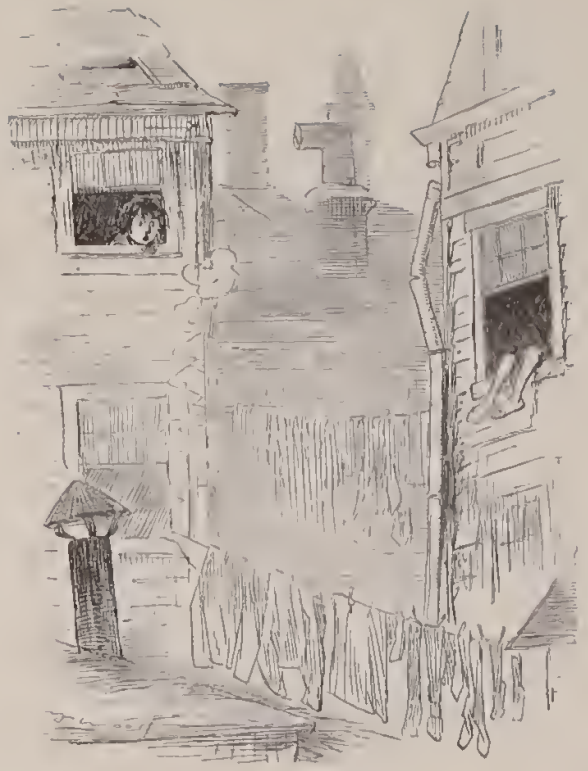
IN A TERRIBLE FIX.

Young and Bashful Admirer: "If she should turn 'round and say to me that she loves me as she does that doll, what would I say?"

A TRYING MOMENT.

Maggie: "Lizzie, wuz you ever kissed?"

Lizzie: "Only wunst in my life, an' that wuz when I wuz in the horspital wid a broken arm; an old lady kissed me an' I blushed like a child!"



IN SUSPENSE.

Genevieve (at upper window): "Them 's Teddy's legs if ever Teddy lived; what could ha happened; I wonder could he have committed soo-incide 'cause I rejected him this mornin'?"

(No! The afternoon was warm, and Teddy was taking a siesta.)

TO STOP GOSSIPS' TONGUES.

Horatio (to Lucretia): "As our engagement is not made public yet, you had better let go o' my arm when we get a little nearer to the village!"

"Tommy, the doctors is sayin' that kissin' is apt to breed sickness!"

"I know. But we men have to take risks in everythink!"

NOT DEAD SURE OF HER.

"I wonder if she 'd sic de dorg on me if I wuz ter fall on me knees an' tell her I love her?"

"In this stocking, Letitia, you will find the hard savings of my lifetime,—two half-dollars, a silver spoon, a briarwood pipe, and a bottle of red ink; not much, I will admit, but enough to start housekeeping with if you will only say the word!"

"Reginald Overbeck, you embarrass me! Think of the difference in our ages,—what will the world say?—take me, I am your 'n!"

NO TRIFLERS WANTED.

She: "I don't mind walking with you, but for goodness' sake don't say you love me and ask me to wait for you—they all do that. If there 's any waiting to be done, wait yourself until you 're a man, and then come right down to business."

HOME, SWEET HOME.

"Look, Adelaide, look! The boat is ready! Let us fly to yon foreign shore!"

"Marmion Bludwurst, your appeal is in vain; I kinnot leave my home. It is unpossible!"

CHANGED HER OPINION.

Ethelwynde: "They say she married a common mechanic."

Heliotroype: "Common, Ethelwynde? Why, he had spent all his life in a bicycle manufactory!"

Ethelwynde: "Oh, heavens! Although a man-hater for years, I feel that I could love such a man as that with my innermost soul!"

PATRIOTIC.

Boy (reading "Personals"): "A young man of means wishes to meet a young and attractive lady who would be willing to marry and spend part of the year abroad."

Young Lady (matrimonially inclined): "That 'd suit me izzackly, exceptin' the livin' abroad. I 'd rather go roun' wid me basket in America, dan be presented to de nobility in London."

THIS IS WAT
YOUS DRUV ME TWO.
JOE
I SHILL SEAK SUM SICKLOO
-DED SPOT AN END MY
MISSERBLE EGGSISTUNS.
FOONERAL BE
PRIVIT!
ME DORG DIED
WID ME

T'ROWN DOWN.

"Genevieve Cassidy, you ask me why I have brought you to this spot. Look! That ball of snow contains the body of my rival, Homer Gallagher. The vengeance I have wroke on him fills my heart with joy, for I feel I am a step nearer my one great ambition."

He: "Hortense Vaseline Debris, from this hour henceforwardforth we ain't to each other what we wuz a week ago. I brand yer as a flirt an' a croquet!"

She (haughtily): "As you please, Reginald Overton. There are others!"

PROOF CONCLUSIVE.

Mediator: "He 's bin goin' on like dat fer a week. He don't get no sleep, but keeps moanin' an' mentionin' yer name."

Lizzie: "Does he refuse his wittles?"

Mediator: "Oh, no!"

Lizzie: "Den it is n't love w'ot 's a-worryin' him. W'ot he wants is exercise."

WHY IT WAS OFF.

"W'ot 's de matter, Billy—is de engagement broke off?"

"Yes; it 's no use payin' intentions to a gal w'ot kin knock de head off yer with a simple lick, an' dat 's w'ot she come near doin' de last time I called on her. If I marries a gal I wants ter be boss, an' if dere 's any fightin' to be did I wants ter be champion."

A GUILTY PALM.

"Feodora, yer have been a deceivin' of me. Yer hand tells me yer have been married twice! I"

A BIT OF ROMANCE.

"What 's the matter, Tom—is yer engagement off?"

"Aye, Simeon, it 's the old, old story. Famerly interference, mother-in-law, an' all that sort o' thing. It druv me ter drink, an' I become a wreck, an' she—she took to the Salwation Army!"

THAT 'S WHY.

Boy (in background, to chum): "Why don't yer go an' knock de stuffin' out un yer rival?"

Chum: "I 'll tell yer why. Did yer ever see him fight? I have."

MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER.

Lopez Donovan (putting his face under cover): "By de holy smoke! if it ain't my fiancee, Loriena Brady. W'ot will she do w'en she finds out dat my heart is marble an' I'se t'rown her down for de little angel w'ot I'se a-pullin'?"

"Tom, she giv' me the marble heart, the cold shake; them baloom sleeves is too much for her. (In a whisper): I want you to let me pull your sister 'round on that sled for a little while. I want ter make that gal jealous—it 'll break her heart!"

TERRIBLE.

Pamela O'Duffy (in wagon): "A clandesting meetin'! Oh, Algernon! Oh, the perfigiousness of man! And with a or'nary butcher's daughter, too! Oh, this is much more than too much! (With theatric action and force): By yon flossy cloudlets w'ot wanders over yon Asia sky, I register an oath to jolt his jaglets' footsteps night an' day, to taunt him with my frenzied thumb until his life becomes a bird'n, an' he seeks death in hor-r-r-rer, 'r-retchedness, an' r-r-r-remorse!" (Faints.)

"THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE," etc.

He: "There 's the only girl I ever loved, an' I dassent go near her 'cause she 's gittin' the measles."

AFTER THE QUARREL.

Niobe MacGonigal (on extreme left): "If he on'y knowed w'ot a wretched night I passed I wonder if he 'd let me took back dem words I spoke?"

INGRATITUDE.

Pythias: "Come along, Damon. She ain't worth a second thought!"

Damon: "To think she should treat me like this! Why, I started her in business; I stole that basket for her w'ot she goes a-beggin' with."

Pythias (with disgust): "Bah! Wimmin is ingrates; they make me tired!"

AN APPEAL.

"Maud Percy Sidney, listen to me. Me an' my child is desolate since you have took from us our purtector an' support. If my words cannot move you, let the wasted form of this poor child melt your heart, if it be not made of adamank or cast iron."

AT THE END OF THE SEASON.

"Billy, now that she 's agoin' away, I want ter tell yer that I wuz all broke up on that gal, an' I would have married her if she had only given me some encouragement."

IN DOUBT.

"Lizzie, you 're a woman o' the world and what I 'm a' askin' you is in strick confidence, o' course. Jim, there, has offert me his hand. (In a hoarse whisper): Do you think a woman would be happy with a man with legs like his'n?"

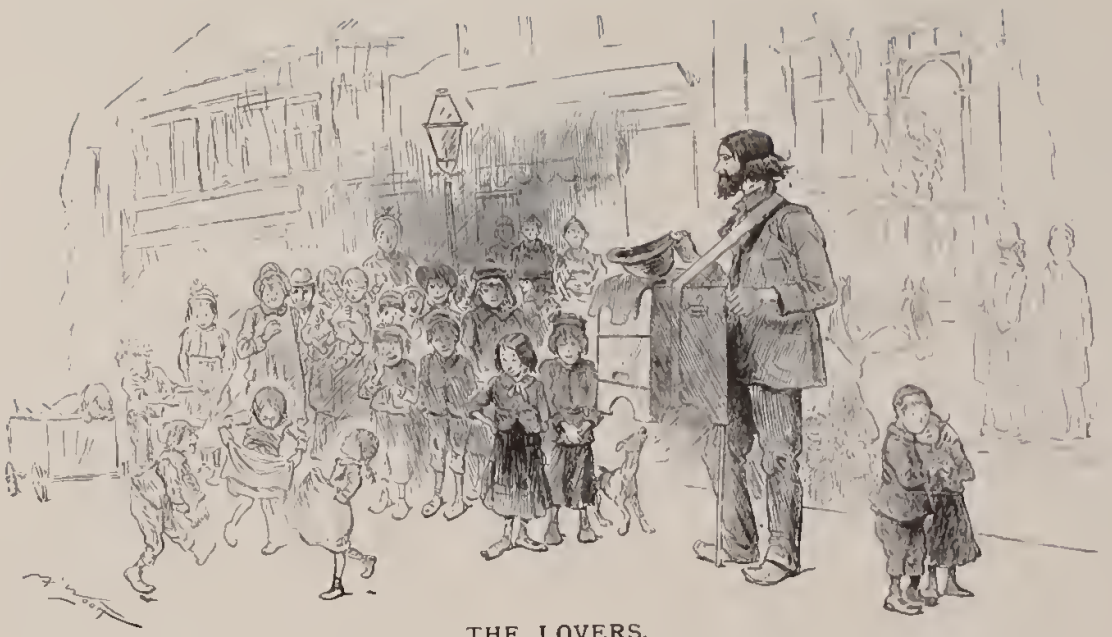
BY THE SAD SEA SHORE.

Argument: The last boat of the season is leaving, carrying away a host of summer boarders.

Party on Rock (in tones of deepest anguish): "Farewell, Mercedes, farewell! In six short months you will have forgotten Vacopo the fisherman's son, and my old age will be made a wreck!"

'T WAS EVER THUS.

Smitten Youth (who has been very attentive with flowers and huckleberries for a month past): "Hevings, Horatio, she must be goin' to leave the place!" (Swoons.)



THE LOVERS.

She (on right of picture, timidly): "Will Sidney forgive his birdie if she asks a favor of him?"

He (warmly): "Sidney kin refuse his Hortense nothink."

She (with a choking emotion): "Then ask him to play a weddin' march."

"Say, Dago, could yer get a weddin' breakfust ready at a hour's notice?"

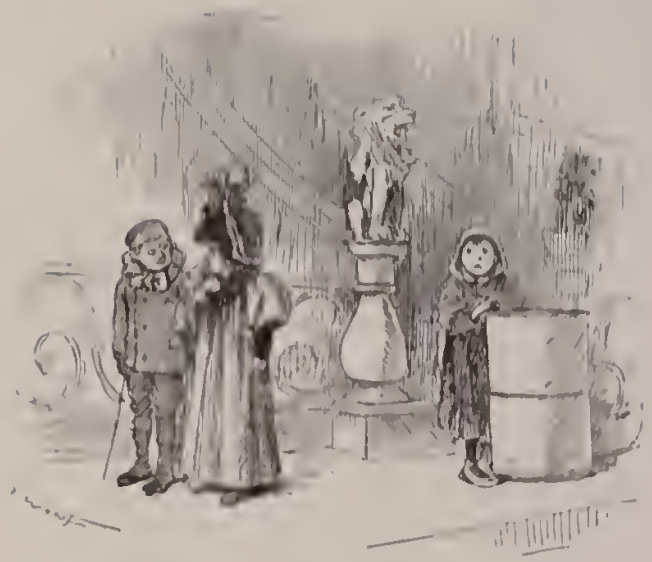
"I wonder if I wuz all dressed up an' put in a winder, if anybody would long to have me?"

"Has father got here yet?"

"Them 's for a funeral, I guess!"

"Sure!"

(With a sigh): "Ah, there 's some pleasure in bein a Fi'th Avenyer corpse!"



(At the ash-can): "De story-book says dat de prince married Cindyrella, but I don't believe it; I don't think he took no notice of her!"

"Them 's for a funeral, I guess!"

"Sure!"

(With a sigh): "Ah, there 's some pleasure in bein' a Fi'th Avenyer corpse!"

(At the ash-can): "De story-book says dat de prince married Cindyrella, but I don't believe it; I don't think he took no notice of her!"

THE DIFFERENCE.

James: "W'ot 's de matter; has he bin a-workin' de growler agin?"
Larry: "No; dis time de growler has bin a-workin' him."

RARE INNOCENCE.

She: "Jimmy, is dere enny rinks open now?"
He: "Naw, dey all closed more 'n a mont' ago?"
She: "So I t'ought. I wondered wo't mother meant by sayin' father came home last night wid a skate on."

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

First Boy: "Too much Santa Claus, eh?"
Second Boy: "No, too much Santa Cruz."

HIS NATURAL BENT.

Father (in high glee): "Vell, Repecka, unt vat do you t'ink ohf our Ikey now? Look ad him. He 's put on mine coat unt vest to make him look like a man, unt den got dree lemons for a sign, unt he 's shtarted a pawnbroker's shtore on der sidewalk. Mark mein vords, he 'll haf der clothes off dem Cristian poys' packs before dey goes away."

PATERNAL PRIDE.

"If there 's a child in the sixt' ward kin bate that wan o' moine at dhrinkin', fetch him along, and I 'll set up the licker for the house. Ah! but it 's a proud woman his mother 'd be this day if she wuz on'y aloive to see him!"

"Agnes, does your father drink, too?"

"She must be getting better. It is the first time she has smiled."

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

"Come away, Nellie, come away! I can't stand it no longer. The sight an' smell o' them cakes make me desperit."

TO BE ENVIED.

"Hey, Jimmy, dat shop 's mighty lucky dese hard times."

THAT 'S WHERE THE IRON ENTERED.

"Jimmy, it ain't the walue o' the dorg w'ot I 'm a-thinkin' of, although that 's enough to break one 's heart, but it 's the chicking an' the party o' four grasses w'ot he 's got on his insides!"

LOST HER PASS.

Boy (on extreme right of picture, to sister): "W'ot have yer did wid de pennies w'ot I giv yer ter save fer de ice cream?"

Sister: "Ow—boo-hoo-hoo! I put 'em in me mout fer safety, and I 've swallered em. Boo-hoo-hoo!"

TOO BAD.

"Talk about cruelty ter young folks! I want ter know if dere 's anyting worse dan ter come acrost one er dem posters when yer dat hungry you could almost eat yer shoes."

HER SMALL WISH.

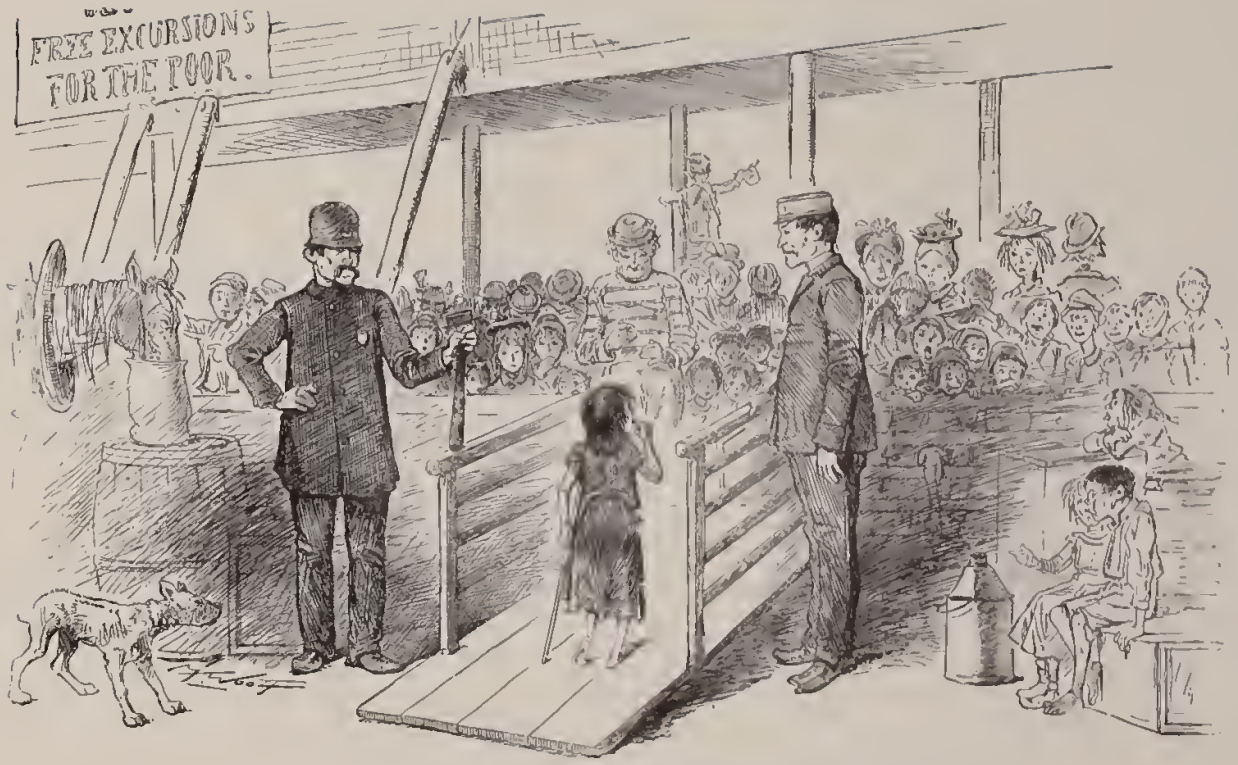
"See w'ot I found in the ash-barril. What a pity it ain't got no stummick!"
"I envies it. If I didn't have no stummick I would n't want no grub!"

TERRIBLE.

"Yes, it 's just too awful to think I 've got to grow so old that gents won't make room for me in the cars!"

ON THE FRESH-AIR EXCURSION.

Tillie (overcome of her free lunch): "Say, Maggie, run a pin in me. I must be a-dreamin'. This is too good to be true!"



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT. (*AT THE FRESH-AIR EXCURSION.*)

"Please, sir, I 's lost me ticket."

SIMPLE STRATEGY.

Emily: "W'ot 's the use of yer standin' an' lookin' in the winder when yer ain't got no money?"

Sophy: "Well, I 'll tell yer. I stand an' aggrawate myself to that extent that the excitement of it gets me hungry, an' I rushes home an' eats me dry crust o' bread wid an appetite."

THE TEMPTATION TOO GREAT.

Ellen: "Why don't you put a couple of oysters on those black eyes o' yourn?"

Tom: "I did. I tried it twiced, but somehow I can't never get them no furder up than my mout."

Boy: "He kin scare us with his racket, now, Em'ly, but in a couple o' days our stummicks will be his cemetary!"

BAD LOOKOUT FOR JOHNNY.

"Come, Mariar—come quick! Johnny Atkins is a-buyin' a apple!"

"I seen yer buy de apple, Susy Roach, an' if yer don't gimme half I 'll rub aginst yer, an' yer 'll catch der measles."

A BONANZA.

"Mattie, come quick, an' bring everythink yer can with yer! There 's bin a New Year's party, an' they 're a-givin' away all the pidgins, toast, an' wegetables what 's bin left over!"

A GOOD TIME.

"Bill, you wuzzent in it when you did n't go to de picnic; dat 's right! Dere wuz pie—an' cake—an' limonade—an' red an' yaller ice-cream, an' I eat so much dat when I got t'rough I felt as dough dere wuz a duzzent angels a-sittin' on me ribs a-fannin' me stummick to sleep."

A MOMENT OF ANXIETY.

"Will he dewour us, Jimmy?"

"I dunno. He takes the Christmas turkey I got inside o' me for quail, an' you never can tell wot a game dog will do."

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

"Hey, Chimmy, how 's dat for a t'roat ter holler extrys wid?"

QUITE HUMAN.

"What makes a rooster crow, Billy?"

"He 's got ter giv' way ter his feelin's. He can't help hisself."

"But when the hen lays a egg he makes the most noise."

"Ah! That 's pride."

Nanny: "Drop that, Billy; drop it, I tell you! I don't want you to get a taste for that sort o' thing!"

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

Rover: "My father took the first prize at the exhibition!"

Towzer: "That 's nothing; my mother's remains took a gold medal at the health-food fair!"

ALONE.

Susy: "What 's he cryin' for?"

Nelly (in a whisper): "That dead dog wuz his chum."

TOO MUCH.

Sue: "Maggie, would you rather die an' be a angel with a harp, or have that weddin' dress?"

Mag: "Oh, don't ask me! The temptation is too terrible!"

IN DOUBT.

"What 's the matter, Tom?"

"I 'm in trouble. I don't know whether I ought to die while I 'm young, and become a angel, or wait an' grow up to be a man an' have a mustarche an' side-wiskers."

NAUGHTYCAL.

"Tom, wot's a spanker boom?"

"Is yer mother a-livin'?"

"Yes!"

"Does she wear slippers?"

"Yes!"

"Well, then, you must be an awfully good feller if you don't know what a spanker boom is!"

"Mother, I 've a favor to ask of you. If you are a-goin' to lick me, don't do it with a slipper; it always unmans me."

"My! But your boy do be growin', Mrs. Cafferty!"

"Faith, an' that 's thrue for yez, Mrs. Owens! He 's outgrown all his owld clothes, an' it 's a pair of his father's pants he do be wearin', an' by that same token I do hate to cut thim, for I don't think it will be long afore the boy fills thim intirely!"

A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

"Say, pop, come out an' down him. Jimmy Ryan said his pa could lick mine, and I said he could n't, and they 're waitin' for you outside."

LOOKING FORWARD.

Aunt: "Well, Tom, how do you like your new little sister?"

Tom: "Oh, she 's good enough as a kid, but just think what a trouble she 'll be when she gets a little older, and I 've got to chase whistlers away from the front stoop!"

Little Jimmy Carrol (to infant brother): "Oh, just wait till you git old enough to lick! Won't you catch it? Mother ain't give me a cent since you arrived."

A WORD OF ADVICE.

"Knock him out wid an uppercut, Jimmy; an' if in de excitement of de moment yez finds yez has got ter strike below de belt, hit so hard he 'll have spazzums an' won't know de differ'nce."

A DIVISION OF LABOR A CAPITAL IDEA.

"I tell yer wot, Jimmy: tackle de dorg first, an' when you 've laid him out go fer de feller, an' after you 've got him on de groun' wid yer foot over his mout' ter keep him from a-hollerin', I 'll sneak up an' grab de flowers wot he 's got an' run home wid 'em."

Peacemaker: "Just read that motter, an' then go an' make up fren's agin!"

Hopeless: "Oh, that sayin's good enuff to read, but yer can't make me berlieve that a small piece of chewin' gum is plenty for two, nohow!"

"You dassent come over on this side of the street, so you dassent!"

Voice from over the way: "Why dassent I?"

Voice from barrel (in whisper): "Make it a objict for him to come acrost: tell him you kin lick him wid yer little finger!"

JUST THE THING.

Boy (calmly): "Say, Tilly, I want ter tell yer somethink: you 're so full o' fight you ought ter go ter some recruitin' office an' offer yer services ter the government. Uncle Sam is just a-dyin' ter git hold o' such folks as you."

PRECAUTIONARY.

"Who 's he, Bill?"

"I dunno. I never see him afore."

"Well, let 's slug him, anyhow, or else he 'll be puttin' on airs."

Vendor: "You leetel girla musta move away!"

Miss Casey (from de Fourt'): "Move away? You Dagos is a puttin' on airs, ain't you? I may not be a millyunyair, an' I may not eat charlotty roosters or drink lemon phosphiks, but I ain't a-goin' to let no Dago give me points wot to do, an' doan't yer forgit it!" (Exits, muttering something about "bringin' de gang aroun' an' cleanin' somebody out.")

STARS AND STRIPES.

First Little Girl: "My father was fighting for three years. He carried the stars and stripes, and he 's got the flag yet."
Second Little Girl: "My father was in for fighting for six years, and he carries stripes yet. He 's got a striped suit now."

A CLIPPING FROM DOOGAN'S "MIRROR OF FASHION."

"Madame Duffi, Corque, has opened a millinery establishment in Doogan Alley, and her door is besieged the entire day by the bon-ton of that swell neighborhood."

THE ENVY OF THE ALLEY.

An Easter hat and a bunch of violets.

OH! THE SHAME OF IT.

Polly: "See here, Feodora, it 's a no use o' your standin' there wid your arms crosst like a Wenus der Milo a-puttin' on airs. I 'll give you a pointer: nusses has feelinks just the same as other folks, an' I won't take none o' your sass, an' don't yer forgit it!"

Feodora (with intense bitterness): "Nothink can't be expected better of no one who so far forgits herself as to take care of Chinee h'infants."

VERY APPARENT.

"It 's easy to see, Hattie, that she has n't moved in the best society!"

"My own cousin, an' she did n't reckernize me!"

"Don't mind it, Sally; wimmin isn't accountable for what they does when they gets a Mary de Medicine collar on for the first time!"

"Hey, Jimmy, ain't yer a-rushin' the season?"

"Rushin' the season? Naw! When I picked out a suit at the clothin' fund, it was a warm day, an' I wanted to look swell!"

THE DIGNITY OF POWER.

Chorus: "Who is she, anyhow?"

Tilly MacAllister: "She comes from Philadelphia, an' her father 's a butcher. She wants to get into our set, but we ain't got no use for butchers' daughters nor Quakers."

A GENEROUS OFFER.

"I say, mister, how 's that fer a dog-cart, eh? Jump right in an' I 'll take yer where yer a-goin', an' I won't charge yer a cent. An' yer 'll have the company of the lady the whole way."

"It 's a wonderful sight, eh, Susanne?"

"Won-der-ful!"

"I dunno how it is with you wimmin folks, but it makes us men feel awful insiggernifikint!"

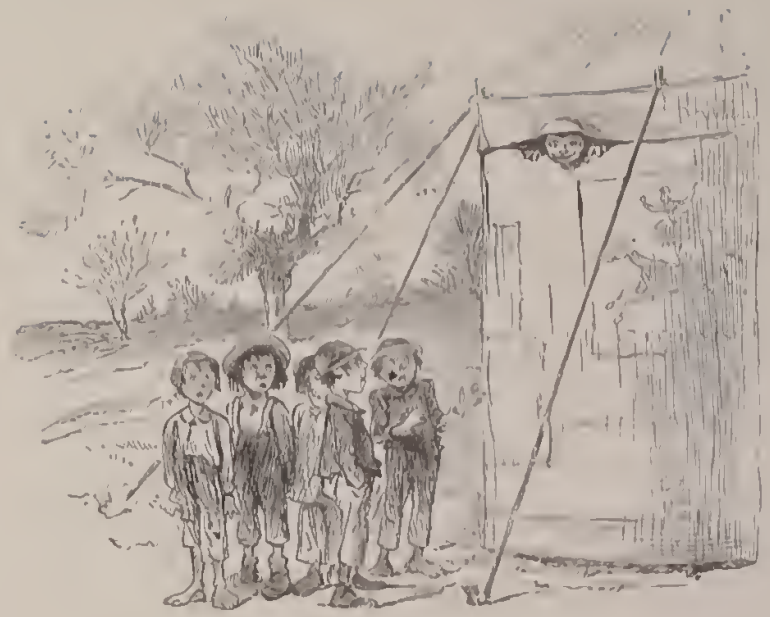
"EVEN SUPPOSING."

Bleak House Boy (to Digby, who set out to enjoy in quietness a sand and sun bath): "Supposin' I wuz to tell you the entire willage is gone on a pic-nic, an' supposin' I wuz to brace you for fifty cents, an' then supposin' you cussed a bit an' refused to giv' it, wot 'd you do supposin' I set my dog on you?"

A HOLIDAY DREAM.

Em'ly: "Yer see I wuz carried away on a yaller cloud into a big open blue place where there wuz nothin' but dolls—blondes, bluenettes, niggers, an' Chinese; and Santa Claus took me by the hand an' led me up to one o' the most beautifullest dolls I ever seen, all gold lace an' spangles, an' it could talk an' sing, too. (In rapture): Oh, it wuz too loverly for anythink! An' Santa Claus wuz just puttin' it into my hands when I woked up!"

Chorus: "Oh, what a shame! Did n't yer want ter die?"



A MOMENT OF ENVY.

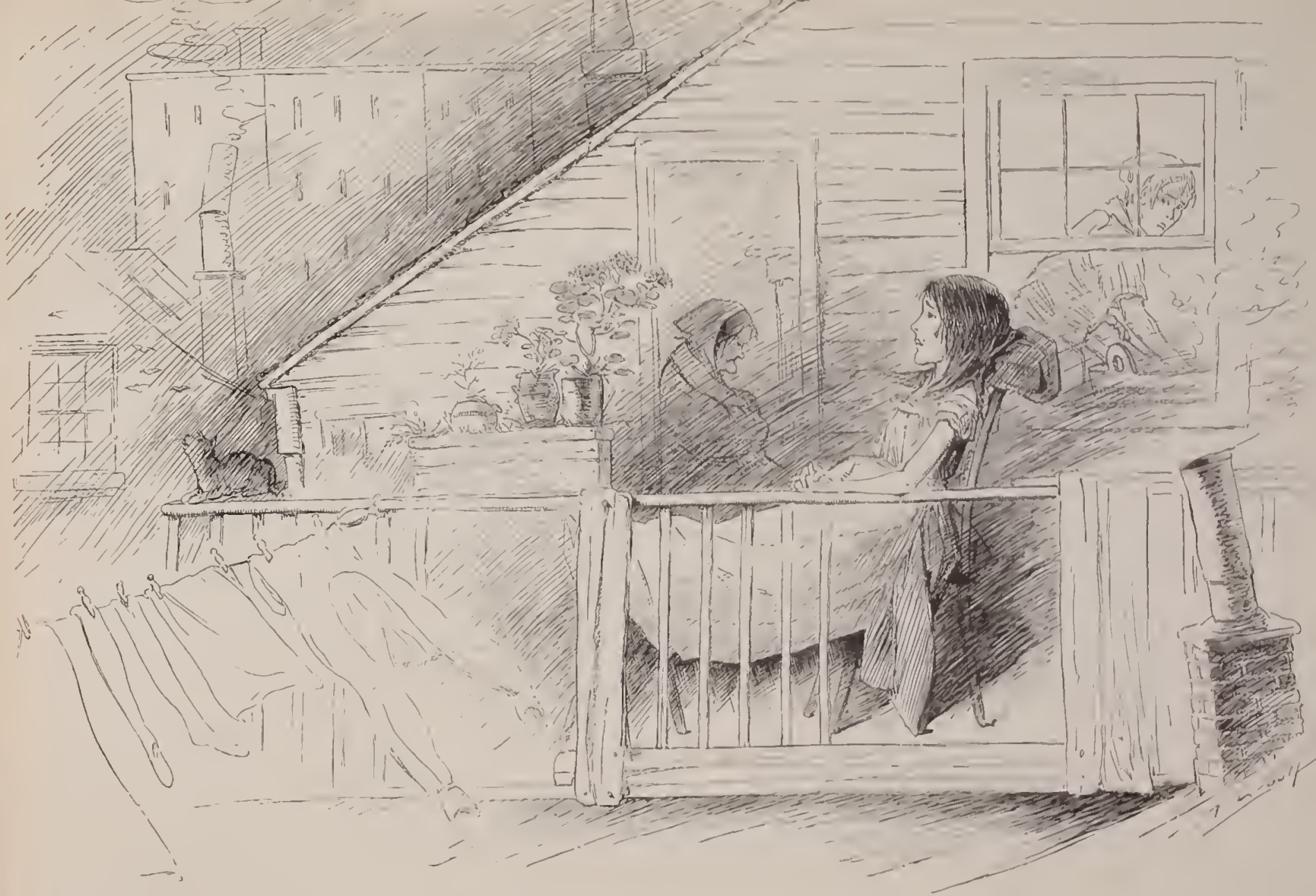
Boy (from Country Circus tent): "Hey fellers, run home an' get de money to come in even if yer have ter steal it! It 's immense! De clown 's a-standin' on his head an' de baby elephant 's a-chuckin' a pint o' pop corn into his ears! Don't yer wish 't yer wuz me?"

HER FIRST RIDE.

"Oh, this is heavinkly, perfectly heavinkly!"

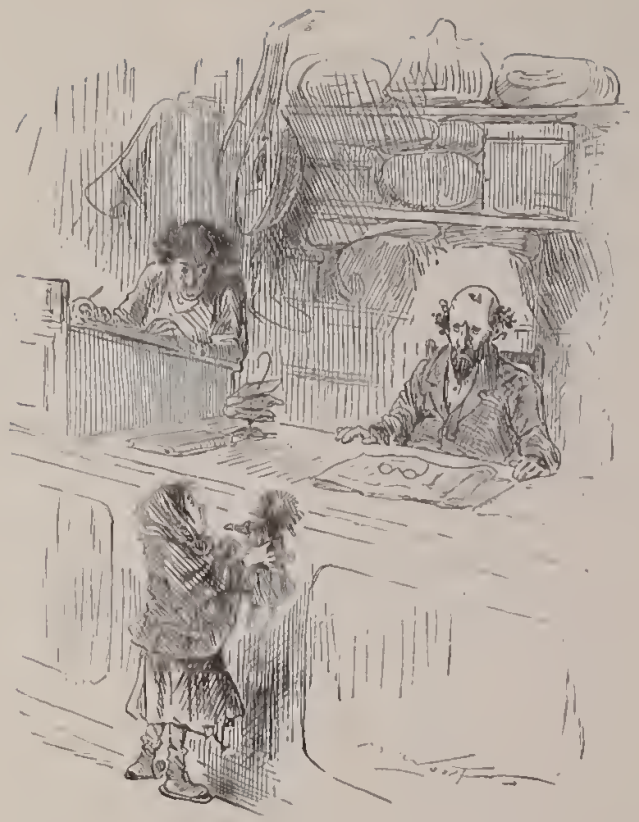
A REGRET.

"Oh, Milly, what a pity it is that our folks is so healthy, an' sich long livers!"



HER CONSERVATORY.

"Say, miss, don't yer want ter fight dogs?"



"Say, boss, I 's got ter raise five cents for chewin' gum, even if I has to put me child in hock."

TEN CENTS' WORTH.

Consuelo (reading): "The viz-count entered the apartment with a languid h'air, and puffed his cigaroot with wiolence. 'Air you alone?' he inkwired in a nongshallnot manner of the countiss. She rose from the turkeys otterman with a diluted nostril, her eyes flashed with a fire which almost consoomed their lids, and shakin' her jewilled left hand in the viz-count's face, she gave a majestic sweep with her right foot an' lef' the room."

Omnes: "My!"

WHEN THE THERMOMETER IS MELTING IN THE SHADE.

"Oh! But this is bully; it 's more coolin' than ice-cream, an' makes me feel better 'n pink leminade does!"

A LIFE SAVER.

"Sam, will yer go out inter deep water an' make believe yer drowdin'? I want ter try my dog."

Boy: "Hey, Juliet, is you a-postin' dat to yer Romeo?"

A BAD PART.

"Say, Tom, pretend yer a Spaniard, an' let de gang play wid yer fer five minits."

HIS SIMPLE WISH.

Jacky: "Hey, Jimmy! Wot 'd yer do if yer wuz as strong as dat?"

Jimmy: "Why, I 'd go down ter de school an' take de teacher atween me teet' an' knock de stuffin' out him."

TONY DUFFY'S ORATION.

"Fellers! De gang has lost its pup! He scrapped wid a bull tarrier, an' got it in de neck. He wuz a torrowbred, a chim dandy; a t'ree-times winner way up to de limit. He had a head on to him wot wuz almost hooman. I ain't a-talkin' troo me hat; I ain't a-givin' guff; I 'm a-givin' it to yer straight—he wuz a corker. Der Wanderbilts or Asters did n't have de plunks ter buy dat pup—dat 's straight. He wuz way up in G—are yous wid me? His deat' has broke me up; don't jolly me—not on yer life. Yous wot has lungs chip in wid a song, sunthin' sollum,—'Ole Dog Tray,' or 'Sweet Maree,'—an' den we 'll plant him. Fellers, I'se lost me grip; me name is Dennis—I 'm all broke up. I 'll go chase myself an' have a game o' craps. S' long!"

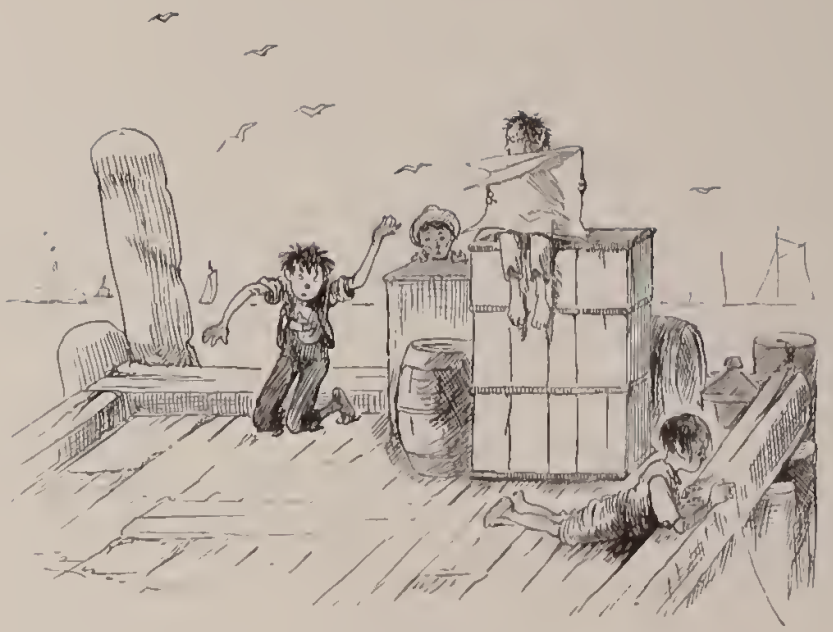
"I tell yer Sandow is n't in it wid him. He takes de kid an' chucks him in de air, den he turns a han'spring an' drinks a can o' cold tomatter soup afore de kid reaches de groun'."

A PRIVATE EXHIBITION.

Master of Ceremonies: "De nex' shot which me brudder de infant phenomenal will preform is to carrum wid de ball on de bottle an' de lamp, an' take de chimney off de lamp widout breakin' of it, or puttin' de light out. De shot is not on'y differcult, but marvelyous!"

A SAD STATE OF AFFAIRS.

"It 's no use talking, Ellen Jane, the young men are not as sociable as they were when we were girls. I have n't had a solitary visitor this week. How to account for it I don't know; such a thing has n't happened for years!"



A WARNING.

Boy (reading paper): "The war cloud between the States and Italy has not dispersed as yet——"

Patriot Youth (falling on knees): "Let forrin despots tremble, for in case of war I solemmy promise to raise a rigimint an' lead it merself; let mer oath be registered!"

SIC EUNT FATA HOMINUM.

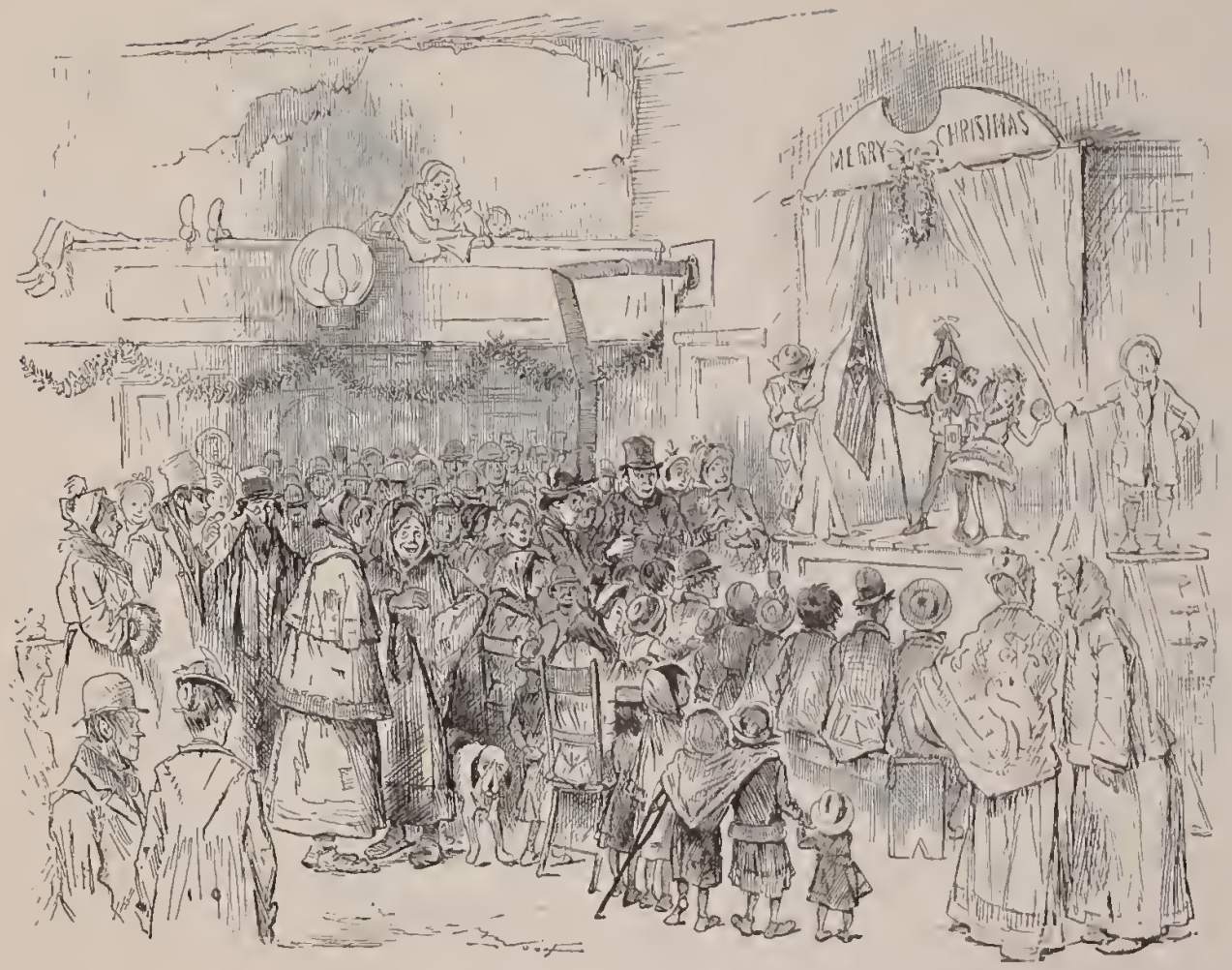
Judge (on box): "Read the charges against Vladimir Casey!"

Clerk (reading): "Firstly: He is charged wid losin' interest in de gang, an' has been stealin' from de corner groceries for strange parties; An' whereover: It has bin discover't dat he kin be bribed wid a lemon; An' whereas: He has given Mag Skelly de marble heart an' has nearly kilt her; An' fourthly: When de gang had a pedlar down on de sidewalk an' was goin' t'rough him, he refoosed to take a han'; An' ter concloud: He ain't fit ter be our capt'in no longer, an' it is moved by de gang dat he gits it in de neck, an' is furdermore removed from his official office!"

Dennis (a green hand, to whom the speaking-pipe is an unexplored mystery): "I 'd give me month's wages to foind out how the divil the boss iver managed to shqueeze himself into that bit iv a poipe!"

"Well, Tom, what sort o' Fourth did you have?"
Tom: "Are yer blind?"

ALONE AT THE RAILROAD STATION.—THANKSGIVING DAY.

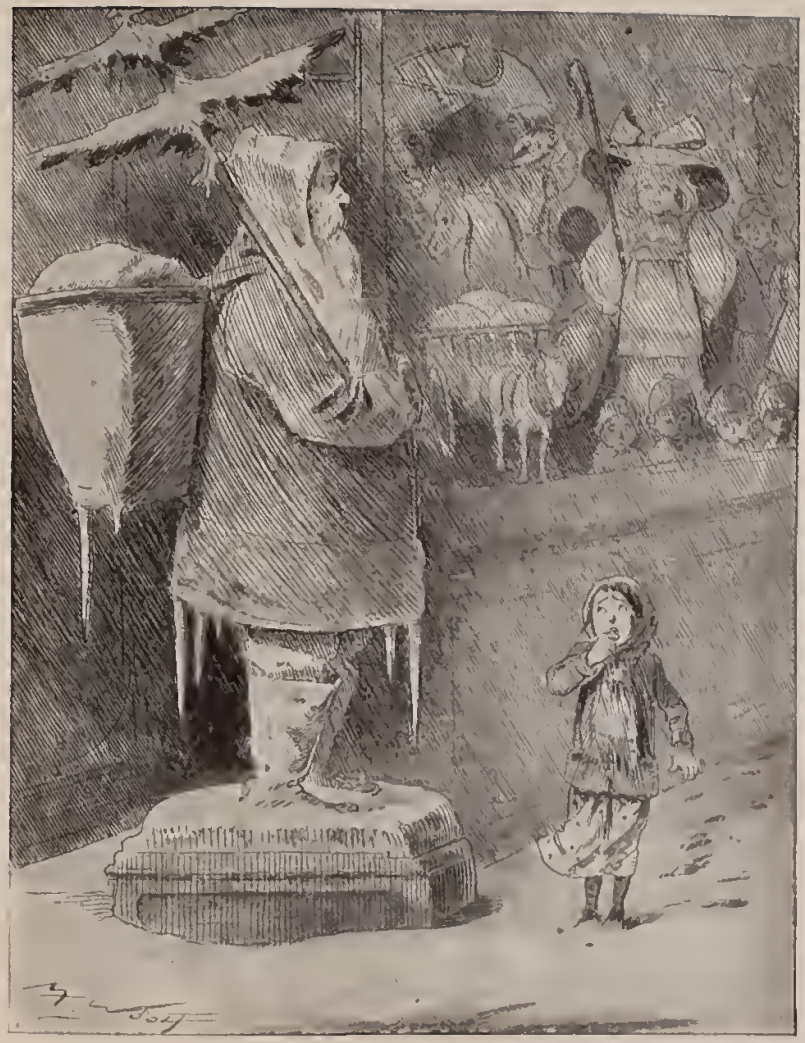


CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES: LIVING PICTURES AT DOOHIGAN'S HALL.

Adam and Eve in the Garden of Paradise.

Adam: Master Phelim Grogan.

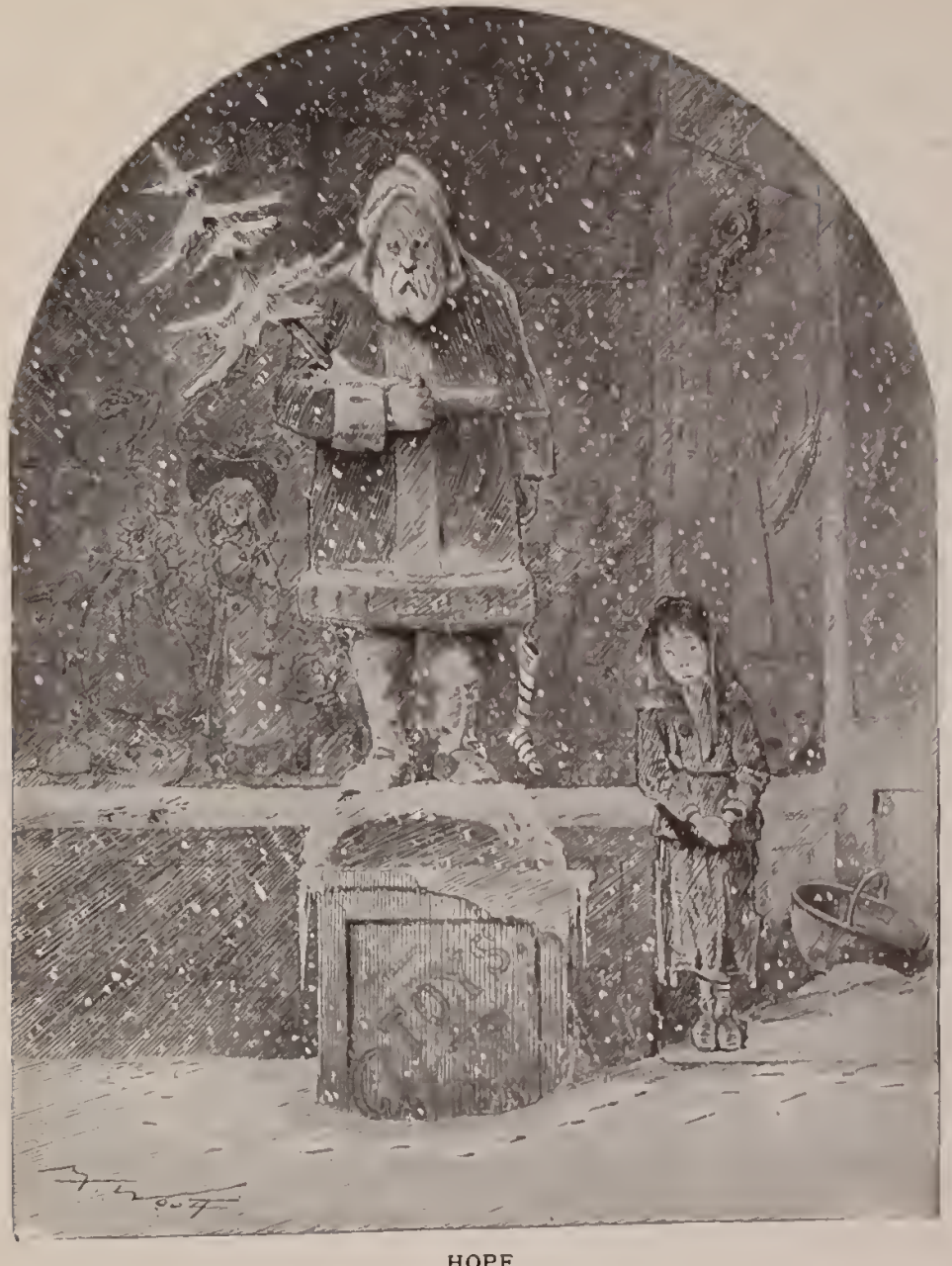
Eve: Miss Daisy Shaughnessy.



THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

"Oh, if he would only look this way!"

THE EMPTY STOCKING.



HOPE.

"If yer please, mum, Santa Claus can't get into our room 'cause they ain't no chimley, an' I want ter know if yer won't hang up this stockin' when yer a-hangin' up the children's, an' I 'll call in the mornin' fer it."

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY AT THE "BEND."

Tom (to Alice): "If he knew he had that pinned to him he 'd be wild."

THE FINAL REHEARSAL.—THE SUPREME MOMENT.

Author and Stage Manager (to Orchestra): "When de lady says, 'Lord Ashleigh Baxter, I am a orfun, but I never kin be yourn,' an' he says, 'Ha, ha, ha, you are alone beneat' my roof an' unpur-tected,'—I want you to rattle off some music wot 'll giv' Biddy, de fait'ful servant, lots o' time to rush in an' t'row Baxter to de groun'."

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THE WORLD BEFORE HER.